LIFE RECRUDESCENT.

Eternal life.

The apple-tree said,
"You think I'm dead,
Because I have never a leaf to show,
Because I stopp,
And my branches droop,
And the dull, gray mosses over me grow;
But I'm alive in trunk and shoot,
The buds of next May
I fold away,
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I'm dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade,
But under the ground I'm s
I'm safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I"m all alive and ready to shoot
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here;
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I'm dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own.
I never have died
But close I hide
In a plump seed that the wind has sown,
Patient I wait thru the long winter hours.
You will see me again,
I shall laugh at you then
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

Come thou fount of every blessing

Robinsons regret —

The worn-out horse — comes back.
The exhausted runner — comes back.
The fainting wheelman — came back.

"The Apple-tree Saint"

Can we "come back" to renewed spiritual living and activity?
Is the life in which we once lived a surrendered one that can break out afresh?

The dead-level, miry, slave life of the ditches.

Madam Guyon in the Bastile.

We in our dungeons of
Conventionalities & customs
Institutional limitations
Mechanism & materialism
Routine, rote, & drudgery.

"Lift up your eyes on high & see."
Madame Guyon's dungeon song.
Shall we not sing too?

Disciples – the elect – the brethren – the saints
the Way

Disciples – Scholars
Hugh Miller – Christ's [illegible]

Believers – Example of Faith
Captain [illegible] & Man overboard.

Lovers ——
Little girl's brother's straps.

Saints. —

They who trust in Jehovah renew their vigor — How?

1. They mount on pinions like eagles — Idealists

2. They run but are never weary — Enthusiasts

3. They walk but never faint

Faithful plodders.

MADAM GUYON, IN THE BASTILE.

Her prison cell.
Walls 9 ft. thick.
Only light thru narrow slit.
Narrow and dirty with mould of ages.
Cold in winter and hot in summer.
No priveleges,no books,no recreations,no employments
But she sang of it

My cage confines me round,
Abroad I cannot fly;
But tho my wings are closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul,
And in God's mighty will I find
The joy, the freedom of the mind."

God imprisoned in Nature & in Man
is singing about it

We, in our dungeons, can do the same
conventionalities & customs.
institutional limitations
routine & rote & drugery.
mechanicalism & materialism.